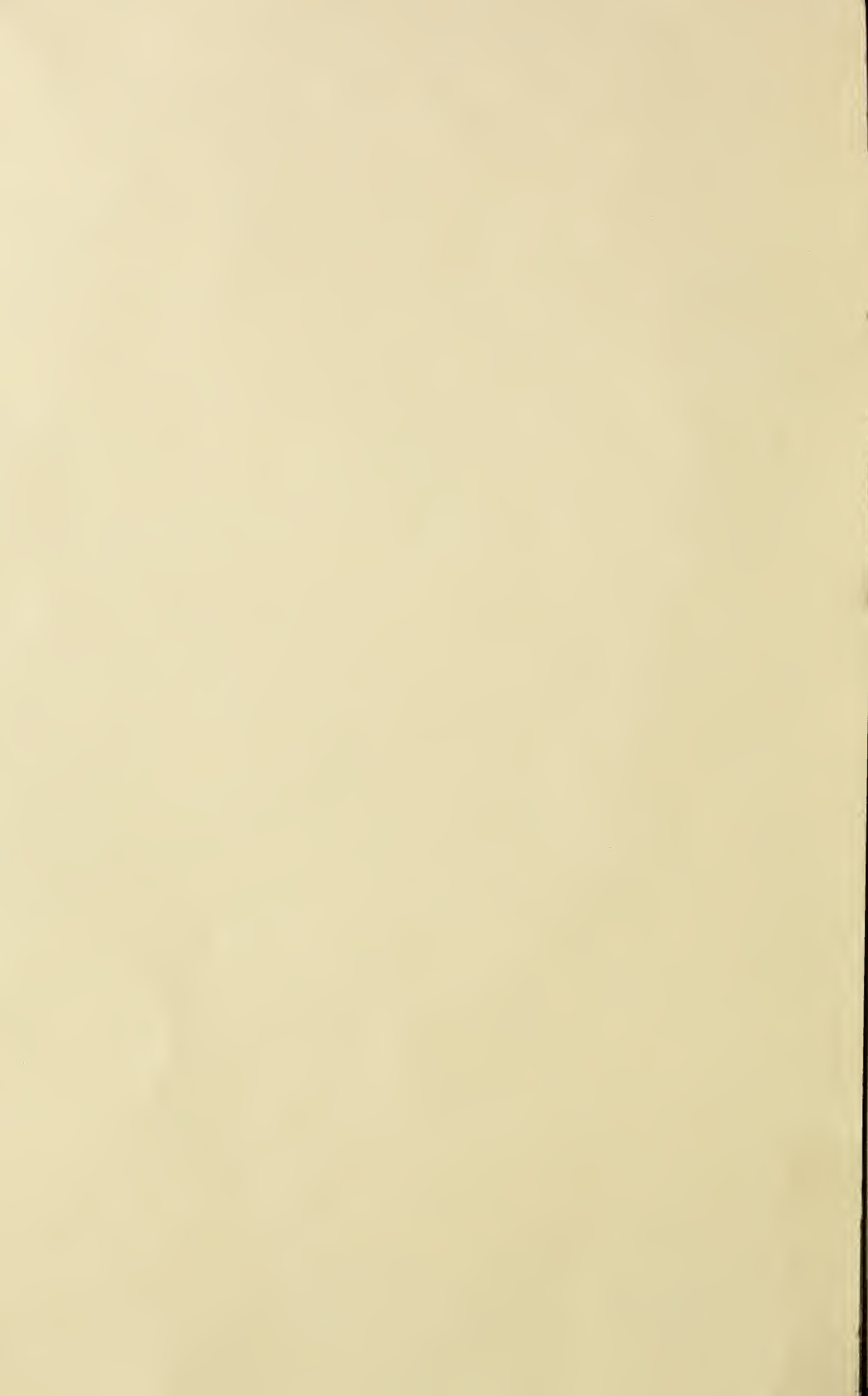


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Agriculture, Horticulture, Live Stock and Rural Economy,
THE OLDEST AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN MARYLAND, AND FOR TEN YEARS THE ONLY ONE.

AND NEW FARM.

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No. 10

HOEING AND PRAYING.

BY REV. J. S. CUTLER.

Said Farmer Jones, in a whining tone,
To his good old neighbor Gray ;
"I've worn my knees nigh through to the
bone,
But it aint no use to pray.

"Your corn looks just twice as good as mine,
Though you don't pretend to be
A shinin' light in the church, to shine,
An' tell salvation's free.

"I've prayed to the Lord a thousand times,
For to make that ere corn grow ;
An' why yourn beats it so, an' climbs,
I'd gin a deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray, to his neighbor Jones,
In his easy, quiet way,
"When prayers get mixed with lazy bones,
They don't make farmin' pay.

"Your weeds, I notice, are good an' tall,
In spite of all your prayers ;
You may pray for corn till the heavens fall,
If you don't dig up the tares.

"I mix my prayers with a little toil,
Along in every row ;
An' I work this mixture into the soil,
Quite vig'rous with a hoe.

"An' I've discovered, though still in sin,
As sure as you are born,
This kind of compost well worked in,
Makes pretty decent corn.

"So while I'm praying I use my hoe,
An' do my level best,
To keep down the weeds along each row,
An' the Lord, he does the rest.

"It's well for to pray, both night an' morn,
As every farmer knows ;
But the place to pray for thrifty corn
Is right between the rows.

"You must use your hands while praying
though
If an answer you would get,
For prayer-worn knees an' a rusty hoe,
Never raised a big crop yet.

"An' so I believe, my good old friend,
If you mean to win the day,
From plowing, clean to the harvest's end,
You must hoe as well as pray."—*Leader.*

TO ENRICH THE FARM.

It is a well known fact, told so often that it has become trite, that no one can sell off his crops and keep up the fertility of his land.

This is, however, the greatest truth which farmers have to learn and a truth which a great majority of them are very slow in learning.

Some method must therefore be invented to impress the fact strongly upon every farmer that he must only sell his products in such a form as will leave the fertilizing elements on his own lands.

How shall this be done?

It is proper to remember that each crop contains after it is grown a larger amount of fertilizing elements than it has withdrawn from the land. It has gathered much of these extras from the atmosphere, the sunlight and the rain.

By feeding on the farm its produce, and sending it to market on the hoof, more fertilizer is left for the land, than the crop has extracted from it. In other words the live stock has not taken away the extra amount gathered from the air, the sunlight and the rain.

A flock of sheep demonstrates this fact; for such a flock will leave a pasture in a vastly better condition than they receive it.

To enrich the farm, therefore, it is only necessary to turn the crops into flesh before sending them to market, giving to the land all the fertilizer this process affords.

Horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry are the forms in which the hay and grain should be marketed, and the land gets back all the fertilizer taken away by the hay and grain, with a part also of that obtained from the atmosphere, sunlight and rain.

The money obtained for this stock and the products of such stock in butter, milk, wool and eggs, is not money taken away

from the value of the land; but only represents the labor bestowed upon crops and stock. The land, also, gets in its enhanced richness, a part of the proceeds of the labor.

The farms treated in this way are always growing into better heart, and the workers of such farms are always able to give an abundance of extra fertilizers for any orchards or small fruits which may be grown for home consumption, or for market.

Remember, farmers, you are not to sell your farms; but only sell a part of your labor when you market your crops; keeping a large part of your labor to enrich your lands and make each year more productive and consequently happier than the last.

NIGHT SOIL.

So much has been said and written upon this subject, that we had supposed that poudrette was gradually being superceded by fertilizers of a less dangerous character, until we came across the article from J. J. H. Gregory, the noted squash grower of Marblehead, and the very liberal advertiser in all our journals. His article in the *Rural New Yorker* brings up the entire subject anew. He says:

"For the past twenty-five years night-soil has been the standard manure used by the large majority of farmers. By this I mean that it has been their chief dependence in the raising of squashes, cabbages, potatoes and onions, the principal crops of this market-farming region."

After giving particulars as to its collection and compost, he says:

"The mixture is applied to our crops at the rate of from six to twenty cords to the acre, the quantity varying with the amount

on hand and the enterprise of the farmer. The crops raised from such manure are exceptionally large. Potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels per acre. Hubbard and Turban squashes bear from seven to twelve tons, and cabbages of some varieties average the size of a half bushel measure, with some crops much larger. Now as to the effect of this long and continuous use of night-soil as a standard manure on our farms, I have had full opportunity to observe this, having used it on two of my own farms, 100 loads, on one, and considerable more large box-loads on the other annually for many years. The whole may be put in a nutshell: Our farms are still in a high state of cultivation producing very heavy crops, but I notice that where night-soil is used very heavily, the land when laid down will yield but one good crop of grass. Night-soil is especially deficient in potash, and I have advised the use of this liberally by those who depend to a large degree on this very cheap and wonderful fertilizer."

Recently the county seat of Baltimore County was scourged by a visitation of typhoid fever, and after a long and arduous series of trials by physicians and chemists to discover the cause, it was finally traced to the uncovering of some long buried sinks, which had been in use years before at the time of a similar visitation. They had been filled with earth and abandoned; but being uncovered and removed to make way for some improvements, the germs of the disease produced their legitimate fruit, and swept once more through the town.

This shows the truth of the assertion that neither time nor mixture with earth or muck can destroy the deadly character of this much used fertilizer. We are of the opinion that many of the diseases whose origin are unknown to the sufferers and their friends are from the injudicious

use of fertilizers, the germs being transmitted through the vegetables we eat. Where so much is used as is here intimated we do not wonder that the quality of produce is impaired and the prevalence of certain diseases is so continuous—even beyond the power of the best skill to extirpate—in New England tuberculosis for an example.

Small Fruits.

It is not by any means too late to set out pot-grown strawberries in this section and south of this. It would have been better to have gotten them in the ground the last of August or during September; but it is still time to make the beginning, for it is better to get them in during the first of October than not to have them. Solid the ground well around the bulbs of roots and if at all dry, wet the ground thoroughly. They will require no further attention.

THE FARMERS' VOTES.

Look over your house, look through your tool house, look upon your agricultural implements, look over your clothes, look upon your table, and remember that in order to build up manufacturing capitalists, in order to support large millionaire monopolists, in order to foster "the blessings" of "trusts," you have paid about one half the cost of these things in taxes. These taxes we do not want—these taxes must be cut down or abolished.

Do not be misled by arguments of sophistry which only serve to befog you. You have paid these taxes to the government, you are paying them now on everything you buy or use. These taxes to the government, however, are only a small part of what you are forced to pay in this way. The government gets only

the extra on the imports; but you pay the same rates to all these luxurious manufacturers, monopolists, and trusts—a few hundred millions to the government in tariff taxes; but a thousand million or more to these others outside of the government taxes. This last is the reason of your trouble. This high tariff is the cause of your having to pay the same advance to all these others, creeping up into the enormous sum of billions of dollars.

You are paying this tax now—it is not necessary to pay it—it is against the principles of all good republican government that you should pay it. You are not called upon to build up certain classes to your own injury. Cut down these taxes. Make your vote tell for the good purpose of reducing or abolishing every tax where it is not needed to support the government, and insist that the expenses of the government itself shall be reduced to the lowest point consistent with effectiveness, and the fulfilment of honest obligations.

The farmers are the only class who can bring the government back to the economic administration of former days. It has, through a series of years of enormous taxation, almost bankrupted the great body of the farming community, and whole States are virtually owned, through mortgages, by a few pampered capitalists. Make every vote tell against this condition of affairs in our country; till we can create again a reasonable economy in governmental expenditure and a vast reduction in taxation.

Now taxes eat up fully one half of your earnings. Think what a saving, if but one half of these taxes could be stricken off. It can and should be done. You are the ones to let it be known that it must be done.

TRUSTS.

These high handed conspiracies to extort money from the people are growing stronger and more independent every month. Not only are the necessities of life being controlled by them; but all the small items which enter into the facilities of commerce are seized upon and made to contribute to their greed.

The bagging trust is one of the largest of these combines and they are proposing to tax the producers of cotton a few millions of dollars for their private pockets. They have already added 100 per cent. to the price of bagging, and do not hesitate to give their reasons. They feel justified, because, if the tariff is reduced, they will not be able to make so many millions in so short a time hereafter, and must double the price of bagging now.

An advertising agents' combine is reported to be in the way of establishment, to force publishers to receive advertisements at a nominal price, while taking large sums from advertisers. We have found it a continual source of vexation to obtain a reasonable recompense for advertising from some agents, and have been forced to refuse several advertisements in consequence. We believe the remedy of newspapers to be in making their terms and not deviating from them; or in direct correspondence with the advertisers themselves. We have resolved to use our influence against the extortions of trusts in every case, and are ready for any movement in this particular direction.

Most of all, however, we shall rejoice when these conspiracies, for extracting the means of living from the laboring masses, shall be broken up. Sugar trusts, meat trusts, nail trusts, salt trusts, and all trusts which deal with the necessities of life, should meet with no quarter. They are the worst form of imposition and

injustice, and the hand of the law should be laid sternly upon them. They are conspiracies to make the ordinary provisions of food and clothing costly. and if we have no laws to reach them now, we should hasten to have such enacted.

Ashes.

Hard Wood Ashes are among the very best of fertilizers. Every farmer should prepare a fire proof and rain proof receptacle for them. Build it where it will be handy and let it be of brick, or stone, with a good sheet iron door. It will pay for itself many times over the first year. Ashes are No. 1 for fruit trees and for Irish potatoes.

TO CUT TREES.

It is generally considered that the best time to cut trees is in the winter; but experiments have proved this to be a mistake. The best time is during the last period of growth, or during the time of rest immediately following it—from the middle of July to the first of September. If the trees are cut at this time, the limbs allowed to remain, the wood will be seasoned in two or three weeks, so that it will become tough and very durable. In those parts of our country where frosts come late, the seasoning will be almost as rapid and the wood nearly as durable if cut as late as the first of October; but the very best results are in August cutting of trees.

We have seen a great many estimates given as to the durability of different woods; but a great deal depends upon the time when the trees were cut, and the management after cutting. For posts, trees should always be cut during the last stages of active growth; then the limbs

should be allowed to remain just as when felled for several weeks, then work up the wood for your posts. They will last at least three times as long as if treated in any other way. The moment you strike the axe into such a piece of wood, you will realize the difference between that and common winter felled trees. It will be entirely free from sappy, spongy, soft layers; it will be uniformly tough and solid; it will contain none of the elements of rapid decay visible in the sour smell of other wood. It will require good, honest, hard strokes to work it up.

Eggs for Chicks.

No especial directions do we remember as to the selection of eggs for incubation, with the exception that they should be of medium size and not of an odd shape—that round eggs, or long eggs, or very large eggs, or very small eggs, or misshapen eggs, or eggs with rough places on the shells should not be chosen. But there is a circumstance in connexion with eggs which has been overlooked. In the ordinary use of eggs, when broken in a saucer for instance, some eggs will have a very small yolk and a large quantity of the white, while others will be almost all yolk. We have become satisfied that these conditions are both unfavorable to sound, healthy chicks, and that an equilibrium should exist between yolk and white. This can easily be discovered by examination in the ordinary manner of testing for fertility and will result in a great deal better average of chicks.

Vinegar.

A great part of the vinegar in the market is made from whiskey; other portions we are told are made from various refuse garbage; some from violent acids; a little

from the poorest quality of cider apples, and the least quantity from first class apple cider.

In one or two States, laws have been enacted to prevent the making of vinegar from anything except fruit. If such laws could be made effectual by preventing the manufacture and the sale of the bogus article, it would evidently be of large advantage to the farmer.

A general law is evidently needed, by which imitations, adulterations, and fraudulent sales thereof, may be prevented throughout the country; but in the lack of that law, State legislation should be insisted upon by the farmers, wherever they are the sufferers—and please let us know of the case where they are not the sufferers.

SMALL FRUITS.

It will not be too late even now to resolve and put into your garden lands a goodly array of small fruits. The farmer is certainly short-sighted who forgets the value to himself and to his family of a generous space devoted to these delicious and healthgiving necessities of an advanced civilization. To be without them at this day is a sign of barbarism, so far as generous and healthful living is concerned.

It is not a great deal of extra trouble to have all the small fruit needed for ones family, and the outlay of time and money is but a trifle. After the land is prepared and the plants are obtained, the future work is of little moment; for almost any member of the household may be depended upon to attend to the needs of the berry patch for the sake of the royal return it will make.

Even plantings in October are worth vastly more than no plantings at all; and if properly done there will be no danger of failure—strawberries will not give a crop

the next spring; but a year from the next spring they will make up for all delay. Every other species of small fruits will be all the better for being started in the fall; for the next summer's growth will be uninterrupted. With blackberries, raspberries, currants and gooseberries, we believe fall setting out is much the best; because the root buds will not be injured then, and the next season's growth will be all the stronger.

These are the precious gifts to brighten the enjoyment of the farmer's life; to rest him after his labors; to bless him at his meals; to make him realize the richness of the gifts a very little attention will bring to his household. If there is any one thing a dweller in the city desires more earnestly than another, it is an abundance of these small fruits in their season; but very seldom does he get them in their freshness, and very seldom can he get with them the peculiar flavor and healthfulness which belong to them when just gathered from the garden.

Do not allow, then, any excuse to prevent you from having a good berry patch for your home use—if you have not already such a blessing on your farm.

SAVING SEEDS.

The following article came only a little too late for our September number; but many of its recommendations are useful for this month, and all are good for the future.—[Ed.]

Now is the time for gathering seeds. Let all of the young people take heed of this. Be careful how you gather them. Only take those that are fully ripe.

After you have gathered them do not put them in a box and shut them up; but spread them out upon some papers in a room where they will not be in the way,

and let them have time to become dry ; for while they are on the plant there is more or less moisture in them, which if not dried out, will cause them to mildew.

While they are drying you can prepare some envelopes for them by writing the names of your different kinds of seeds upon them. After you have put your seeds into them you can seal them up.

Then in the Spring when the time comes, and you want your seeds, you will not have any trouble in finding the kinds you will want first.

I think this one of the neatest ways of putting away seeds. Method in everything you do is a good thing ; it saves a great deal of time and worrying. AZILE.

"Russia leather is made in Connecticut, Bordeaux wine is manufactured in California, Italian marble is quarried in Kentucky, French lace is woven in New York, Marseilles linen is produced in Massachusetts, English cassimere is made in New Hampshire, Parisian art work comes from a shop in Boston, Spanish mackerel are caught on the New Jersey coast and Havana cigars are rolled by the million in Chicago."—*Exchange*.

THE colored people of Maryland are to hold a State Fair at Baltimore the first seven days in October, and more than five hundred applicants for space have already been applied for. The *American* says the exhibition will be a surprise to the public. The colored people of Maryland have advanced more substantially than their contemporaries of any other State. In Baltimore alone they pay taxes on between two and three million dollars' worth of property.

THE FARMER FEEDETH ALL.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

My lord rides through his palace gate,
My lady sweeps along in state,
The sage thinks long on many a thing,
And the maiden muses on marrying ;
The minstrel harpeth merrily,
The sailor ploughs the foaming sea,
The huntsman kills the good red deer
And the soldier wars without a fear.

But fall to each whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Smith hammereth cheerily the sword,
Priest preacheth pure and holy word,
Dame Alice worketh broidery well,
Clerk Richard tales of love can tell,
The tap-wife sells her foaming beer.
Dan Fisher fisheth in the mere,
And courtiers ruffle. strut and shine,
While pages bring the Gascon wine,
But fall to each whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castles fair and high,
Whatever river runneth by,
Great cities rise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand,
Great arches, monuments and towers,
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers,
Great work is done, be't here and there,
And well man worketh everywhere,
But work or rest, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

—*Exchange*.

Market for Silk Cocoons

The commissioner of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., is now purchasing cocoons of the crop of 1888. Persons having any for sale should communicate with him at once and obtain a circular relating the terms of purchase. If you have not yet applied for Silk Worm Eggs for 1889 do so at once so that your application may not arrive too late.

Subscribe to the MARYLAND FARMER, with a premium, only \$1.00 per year.

For the Maryland Farmer.

VERMONT REMINISCENCE.

THE CULTIVATOR—MORGAN STOCK—MERINOS—REMARKABLE PROLIFICACY AND EARNINGS—A NEW BOOK PROMISED.

We welcome to our columns our old time correspondent, the venerable Solomon W. Jewett, now in his 81st year and a resident of San Francisco, Cal. His communication will speak for itself, and as the matters of which he writes are historical, they will be of deep interest to our readers.—[ED.]

Among the earliest papers, devoted to the interests of Agriculture, on the Atlantic side, was the one started in Albany—a small sheet in 1831. Fifty-five years it is since the present writer opened a regular monthly correspondence with *The Cultivator*, conducted then by the Hon. Jesse Buel, who continued to publish it many years, when it fell into the hands of Luther Tucker, Sr.

About 1840 the State Agricultural Society of New York went into successful yearly exposition. Moving as it did from point to point in different sections of the State it created great energy and competition among the leading farmers and stock fanciers. This writer attended every show in New York State previous to 1856. *The Cultivator* and *Country Gentleman* has continued nobly to work in behalf of the shows, the farmers and the patrons of their journal to this day. We believe it has at present some 20,000 circulation.

Since 1855 our attention and interest has been out of New England, mostly, and among varied circles. Before leaving Vermont we introduced over 700 Merino sheep within its boundaries, mostly from France, at a cost of over \$55,000—more in cost than any other one importer of animals to that date, in America—21

shipments direct from Havre, France, landing in New York and Vermont.

We took a deep interest in bringing to notice the Morgan family of horses. The first public attention was drawn by our series of portraits which appeared in the *Cultivator*, commencing with a portrait of Hill's Black Hawk, by Sherman Morgan, and he by Delancy—the English General's Horse—the blood being traced back to the Godolphin Arabian Horse, Durack. And so it was with the dam of Black Hawk from a black mare, the colts being foaled at Dunham, N. H.

David Hill of Bridport, Vt. and Son, of Boston, in company secured this animal at Lowell, Mass., where it had considerable celebrity, as fast on the trot, and a wonderful stock-getter. His colts would command in Boston markets \$50.00 over others. David Hill—a noted breeder—settled down with this wonderful animal in Addison County.

I took the liberty, unknown to Mr. Hill, to pencil out a drawing, portraying Black Hawk; and afterward, by his assent, it appeared in *The Cultivator* for 1845, with a good description of the horse, his fleetness, his stock, and the Morgan family in general, descendants from five stallions only, preserved entire, of the Justin Morgan's Get.

It was a surprise to the farmers even, in Hill's surrounding, to learn how fast on the trot this animal and his colts proved; and soon fine brood mares came in from all parts of the country, some from a circuit of over a hundred miles. His stables and fields were flooded, and the horse, for the first season after, covered 176, the same also for the second season, and one year after its exhibition and trot at Savato Show, 200. Then when the horse arrived at this number, Hill tells me that he "declared to Ed," (his son) with emphasis sealed by an oath

"that the old horse should not serve another mare till the incoming season."

Having access to their books, I saw every name there recorded, the time of service and the amount paid—always in advance—commencing first season at \$10 and closing up the two last years at \$100 each, (of only 100)—no warrants—and the figures of receipts, from the earnings of Black Hawk during the seven years, exceeded a little over \$34,000, which sum, in my opinion, was the largest one received for the service of any horse in the known world.

"Great streams from little fountains flow." The letters and illustrations given *αυτῶν οἱ πατριάρχαι ἐλὼν λατρίᾳ σιγῇ ἄρ* brought these things very singularly and suddenly about. Fast horses *on the trot* were not in vogue in those earlier days. It was "racers on the turf," in Great Britain and America, conducted then as field sports. These Morgans are also fast on the walk.

By the way, we have to expect a book from the best informed and most energetic stock man in America, Hon. Joseph Bartlett of Middleburg, Vt., who has devoted years in collecting information about "Morgans" and all the choice blooded, fast enduring animals known everywhere in the States. An elaborated edition of this book on horses will soon be given to the public, and no doubt will be eagerly sought. Mr. Bartlett is a man of wealth and has spared neither money nor time in the collecting of this information and in the production of this work. No doubt it will be "the American standard work on horses" during a long space of time.

When I took up my pen, I did not dream of making honorable mention of this Morgan family of horses. But you see how sometimes a spark only will kindle a great blaze.

Without assuming too much in this

horse, sheep and wool interest, we are proud to declare, and have backers yet living to say, that through this writer's energetic attention and by his circulating the information, including several portraits of the Morgan family and of his popular stock, and through his large importations of that breed of sheep—Merinos—from France, that the native Vermonters have realized over and above their common receipts, at least one million of dollars. My family continue stock raising in this State. Yours for progress,

SOLOMON W. JEWETT.

Banana Fibre.

Among the valuable products of the soil now largely suffered to go to waste, according to the United States consul at San Salvador, is the fibre of the banana. This fibre, which may be divided into threads of silken fineness, extends the length of the body of the tree, which grows without a branch from ten to fifteen feet high, and has a circumference at the base of two and a half to three feet. In Central America, the fibre, with no preparation except drying, is used for shoe strings, lariats, and cords for all purposes. In its twelve months of existence, the banana tree bears only one bunch of fruit, but from two to four or ten trees spring from the roots of the one that has fallen. At home, the bunch of bananas is worth fifteen cents, and the dead tree nothing, though, if the supply were not inexhaustible, the latter would be worth ten times the value of the fruit to a cordage factory, paper mill, or coffee-sack maker. The banana leaf, with stems of the toughest and finest threads, is from two and a half to three feet wide, and ten to fifteen feet long, and serves the native women of San Salvador as an umbrella in the rainy season, a carpet on which to sit, and a bed on which to rest.

For the Maryland Farmer.

FARM GARDENING.

BY FRANCIS SANDERSON.

By the multiplication of railroads and the consequent cheapening of through freights and the opening up of millions of hitherto considered unproductive acres in the far West, to the cultivation of wheat, corn and oats, have made the growing of these crops a very uncertain and some years a losing business even to that farmer who is the most industrious, painstaking and economical. We have hardly commenced to realize it as yet and many think it is owing to stagnation in business or over-production, and many other theories are brought forward. But the fact is apparent to anyone that products of all kinds are sent here from places a thousand and more miles away, and for less than it costs us to haul them from our farms a few miles distant from the city. Nor will this warfare cease; but, as new ideas are caught up and acted out, many new systems will be perfected to cheapen transportation and to lay these products here in Baltimore markets at still lower figures.

Now what is the remedy for this especially to the Maryland Farmer? We cannot cheapen production, for our wages cannot be lowered; nor can we do without hired labor; machinery we must have, and the wear and tear on this is considerable and expensive; our lands are thin in many respects and we must either use manure—and that many of us have not got—or else use fertilizer, which cannot be considered a complete manure; and some years (though it may be of the best quality) it will fail to produce a crop owing to no fault of its own, but the season being unfavorable.

Now what shall we do? The fall of the year is at hand and some system will have to be studied and acted out by

our hands before many days. Which shall it be, is a problem each one of us has to confront and make the best of for himself and family?

Advice is cheap I hear many say—and so it is—if given without any knowledge of the subject or if it is written out just to make a readable and pleasing article. But if the subject is handled by one who has had practical experience and whose writings can be proven to be correct, such thoughts, if, after careful reading and then thought over and acted out by each one according to his varied needs and the adaptability of his farm to such advice, is and will be of great practical good to each reader thereof. Now such advice I promise to give in a series of articles on Farm Gardening in this paper. The Editor knows me and I think he and his associate Editors can vouch for the truthfulness of my writings, and my farm gardening which I have carried on for some twenty odd years, owning and working the land and marketing the crops grown thereon myself. They can therefore vouch as to my fitness to engage in such work.

A Wonderful Rocking-Stone.

Imagine a stone, in size containing about 500 cubic feet, in shape nearly as round as an orange, in weight not less than 80,000 pounds, or forty tons, and so nicely balanced upon a table of rock that a child 10 years of age by pushing against the north or south side, can rock it back and forth; yet the strength of 100 men, without levers or other appliances, would be insufficient to dislodge it from its position. Such is the celebrated rocking-stone on the farm of Mr. McLoury, two miles west of Monticello, N. Y. This is one of the greatest natural curiosities in our whole country. What sculptor could chisel out a piece of marble of its size, and then poise

it so nicely that it would vibrate under so light a touch? But its shape, size and position are not the most wonderful things about it. Its body is composed of somewhat loose and soft sandstone in which are imbedded numberless round and flinty pebbles, of a diamond-like hardness. In all the valley where it is situated it is the solitary specimen of its class. Around and under, the rocks are of a totally different structure. The table on which it rests is a hard stone nearly as firm and close-grained as the blue stone of our quarries. From whence came this wonderful stone and how?

For the Maryland Farmer.

The Promised Land.

Milk and Honey is a combination of the vegetable with the animal, and formed through the chemical laboratory of the latter, as animal or insect.

Five thousand years in the past, from the highest authority, the "Children of Israel" were promised to finally enter the far off land, flowing with milk and honey, and not until they planted feet upon the virgin soils of California, was this promise literally fulfilled. To them it is "The New Jerusalem," where they shall ever remain in peace. Where lambkins play upon a thousand hills, and the vine and olive groves abound.

Fraternally,

SOLOMON W. JEWETT.

Shepherd of Vermont and California.

Beans.

Strange as it may seem at first thought, Vermont is the only eastern state that raises as many beans as it consumes. Large quantities of beans are sent east from California, but ten per cent. of all those used in Boston come from Canada. France, Austria, Italy and Germany have

sent beans to this country in the past, but at less than \$2 a bushel none but the latter two countries find it profitable to do so. Should the price rise to \$2.50 per bushel, however, we would be almost swamped with foreign beans. New England raises about 100,000 bushels of beans, and buys (principally from other American States) 500,000 bushels. Seventy per cent. of all the beans brought to Boston from other states come from western New York. These counties, once famous for their wheat crops, could not compete with the western farmers. This competition and the ravages of the weevil drove these New York farmers into a new field—that of raising beans. One often finds farms where 200 acres are devoted to beans. Twenty, and sometimes thirty bushels per acre are harvested.—*New York Agriculturist*.

HOW CELLULOID IS MADE.

Most celluloid is made in France. A roll of paper is slowly unwound, and at the same time is saturated with a mixture of five parts of sulphuric and two parts of nitric acid, which falls upon the paper in a fine spray. This changes the cellulose of the paper into pyroxyline (gun cotton).

The excess of the acid having been expelled by pressure, the paper is washed with plenty of water until all traces of acid have been removed. It is then reduced to a pulp and passes on to the bleaching trough. It is this gun cotton which gives it its explosive nature. Most of the water having been got rid of by means of a strainer, it is mixed with from 20 to 40 per cent. of its weight in camphor; a second mixing and grinding follows. This pulp is spread out in thin slabs, which are squeezed in a hydraulic press until they are as dry as chips. Then

they are rolled in heated rollers, and come out in elastic sheets.

They are from that point worked up into almost every conceivable form. One can get celluloid collars, cuffs, hairpins, shirt fronts, cravats, pen-holders, brushes and combs, inkstands, knife handles, jewelry, and everything else almost that can be imagined.

In Paris there is a room completely furnished in celluloid. The curtains, the door knobs, and even the matting were made of this material. To be sure, no matches were ever carried there. Indeed, the room was never used. It was only a curiosity, and the man who owned it owned the factory where it was made. Few care about being blown into fragments, and that would be the fate of a man who let a lighted match fall in such a room.

A PLAN FOR A WOMAN'S POULTRY YARD.

Supposing that the farmer has moderate ideas; that she means to keep five hundred hens, "going in" for winter eggs and for a modest number of early chickens, though not trying to rival the great "broiler" establishments; if she has control of three or four acres of light, dry, sunny soil she has the power of "getting her own living" in a very pleasant "state of life." She will need separate quarters for her early chickens, but the main body of her army should be put in movable houses, about thirty hens in each, the houses making a settlement on one-half of her land. If there is a stone wall around the land it can be made to help in the matter of fences, for chickens will not often cross a stone wall. Wire fencing is the best of all. The chickens evidently feel nearer freedom when they cannot see their prison bars. It has been truly said that five

hundred hens not fenced are a "disorderly mob," but to build a separate run for each flock of thirty takes more money than most poultry farmers can afford. There is a halfway measure which I find better. The space can be divided into two or three great yards, and then each house is to have a yard a few feet square, in which the chickens belonging in that house can be confined for the first week after moving them. Most of them after being let free will go home at night. Stragglers there will be, crowding in where they should not, but every one should be put where it properly belongs each evening. "That is all in the day's work." Each house should stand on a mound of earth two feet high, made by digging ditches at the north and west of the site, and making a pile four feet larger every way than the house.

In the mound should be set a frame made of four hemlock boards coated with tar. If the house is nailed together so that those boards, buried to within four inches of their tops, run all around its base, many rats will be kept out. The right time to move the chickens is in the fall, after the hurry of farm work is over, and when the moving will not interfere with the hen's laying, so much as at any other time. The chickens in the houses to be moved, should, the evening before, be put in coops and kept in a quiet, dark place until they can be shut up in their own especial yards. A week's work of two strong men will move the houses and fences of five hundred hens, if the houses are in sections. Whoever builds the houses should be told that they are to be moved. The house of this kind that I have found best is twelve feet long and eight wide. That is right for thirty hens. It is seven feet high in the middle and slopes to two feet walls at the sides. It can be moved whole, but in that case must be drawn by horses. To build them

in sections easily taken apart is usually the better way.

The land that the chickens leave should be immediately plowed, and in the spring will be ready for whatever its mistress wishes, whether flowers for market, potatoes, some special crop she finds profitable, or, often better than all, a vegetable garden where the village people can be sure of finding as good peas and egg-plants as are in town markets. After the spring plowing is done, she and the probable boy who helps her can take all the care of the chickens and the farm plot, especially if they have a good little wheel-plow, with all its wonderful hoes and teeth. Gardening does well with bringing up the young chickens. The youngest ones are excellently placed in the gardens and lawns, and a good plan is to fence in the permanent, not easily hurt things, such as asparagus, rhubarb, and the fruit bushes, and keep in that inclosure the mischievous half-grown chickens. A better plan yet is to give them a whole orchard. Never should they be put with the general flock. If possible to avoid it, the breeding stock should not be fenced in. The vigor and profit of their descendants depend very much on their freedom and happiness. —*American Agriculturist*.

LEWANEE COUNTY, Michigan, has a co-operative telegraph line which began by two farmers connecting their houses with a wire, and which has extended until now it has sixty-five miles of wire and ninety offices, two thirds of which are in farm-houses and others in stores where the farmers trade. Every farmer is his own operator, battery man and line repairer, and can use the lines as much as he pleases. They communicate with each other, give orders to the stores, and receive early

information of important news over the wire. One farmer had his life saved by it. He took poison by accident, and there was no doctor within several miles, but he telegraphed to the nearest drug store and one was sent to him.

DEFINITIONS.

A. L. CROSBY.

[Revised to suit the times.]

LARD was formerly made from the fat of the hog only, but it is now composed of a little hog fat and a great deal of cotton-seed oil, tallow and water. It is found that the fat of any animal dying from disease will make excellent lard.

BUTTER was formerly made from the fat found in the cow's milk, but science has shown that it can be made from tallow or any kind of grease, no matter how filthy. Recently passed laws have a tendency to cause the old-time meaning to apply to this product.

A TRUST is represented by a few big boys, who unite to handle a long pole and knock down the persimmons, at the same time punching the little fellows who are slowly and painfully trying to climb up the tree.

DEHORNER: a person who has suddenly discovered that the horns on his cattle are the chief cause of his lack of profit. He saws them off at a certain mysterious point, so that no pain is felt either during the operation or afterwards.

SENATE, in the U. S., means a body of rich men whose chief interest is to see that corporations and monopolies are not interfered with by another body of men called the House.

FARMER: a man who grows food for

the rest of creation, and if he complains of his lot he is filled up with promises.

RAILROAD consists of two lines of iron rails laid parallel which support a car which carries all the merchandise it will bear which is charged all the toll it will bear.

A STRIKE. When an infant industry protected by a high tariff finds other 25-year-old infants competing with it, in order to pay big dividends, it reduces the wages of its employees, who not seeing the justice of this state of affairs, stop work. Hence when all refuse to strike another blow, it is called a "strike."—*Rural New Yorker*.

Buttermilk Habit.

The buttermilk habit seems to be alarmingly on the increase in New York city. On Park row alone, between Ann Street and Frankfort, there are now daily no less than three perambulatory dairies, which have for their most conspicuous placards an announcement of the fact that their buttermilk was "positively churned this morning, and is kept in porcelain lined jars." Similar establishments are scattered about most of the leading down-town streets. Buttermilk sells for three cents a glass, while milk costs five, which may account for some of the popularity of the former beverage.—*N. Y. Sun*.

California's Raisin Industry.

In all the wonders of California, says the San Francisco Journal of Commerce, there has been nothing more wonderful than the development of the raisin industry. In 1873 only six thousand boxes were made. The State had first to learn how to make raisins and then to persuade people to buy them. In 1880 the production had reached

seventy-five thousand boxes. It steadily increased to a hundred and seventy-thousand in 1884, and in the following year jumped to half a million. The increase has since continued and bids fair to continue. Seven hundred thousand boxes were turned out in 1886, eight hundred thousand in 1887, while it is estimated that the output for this year will exceed a million. "There is hardly a locality in the State," says the Journal, "where the raisin grape does not flourish, and in a few years we will be able to produce raisins enough to supply the whole of the United States."

For the Maryland Farmer.

TAKING AN OUTING.

BY MRS. JOHN GREEN.

I have been taking what I believe in these days is called an outing; that is, what in my days we used to call an excursion. Well, my outing consisted of a trip into the western part of Maryland. It was my first journey into that part of the State.

I took John along with me; or rather, John took me along with him. He went for the health-giving strength of the mountains, and I for the fun of the outing. I wanted to take a basket of goodies along with us, but John said, "No, we would find plenty of hotels that would be only too glad to see us."

Well, after everything was ready for the journey we started for the cars. But just as John shut the gate he said to me, "Sallie, did you lock the house all up?"

I said, "Why, I thought you did that while I was putting on my things."

He says, "Well, you had better go and see if it is all right."

But I had got my dress full of burdock

burs and so I said, "You go while I get these things out of my dress."

He looked at me and laughed, and went. When he came back he said it was all right, so we started for the Union Depot. We got our tickets and took our seats in the cars.

The first thing of any interest was the tunnels that go under the streets of Baltimore. I do not like to ride through them; but then we very soon came out into the grand old home of dame nature. She had it all decked out in gorgeous array! Her carpets of green were never looking better, and the landscape was all dotted over with cattle—not with cattle that have their hip bones coming through their hides; but with nice, young, fat cattle that speak well for our farmers of that part of the State.

As we rode along I asked John if he had taken notice of what large fields of corn we were passing and how well they all looked?

He said, "Yes, it does not look as though there would be a short crop."

I said, "No, it looked pretty tall to me."

And then he laughed again; he is so good natured, he is always laughing.

I did not see very much fruit. It does not seem to like it up there among the mountains—except apples, and they are a kind of a good natured sort of fruit that will grow almost anywhere. Pear trees seem to be trying to do their best, this year, as every old gnarly scraggly tree is full of fruit.

This is a very picturesque and romantic part of Maryland. The country around here is pretty old, and as I was sitting there in the cars looking out of the windows, we came upon a sign in a farmer's front door yard that said, "Maryland Line."

"That is the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland" John said.

But I told him, "They must have taken

the line down, for I could not see it."

But he only laughed and said something about Mason and Dixon's line.

Not long after this we went around what is called the horse-shoe-bend. It was a lovely sight. We were creeping up the mountain side. It was so steep we could not go very fast, but I liked that all the better, because I could see everything. The Blue Ridge mountains rear their mighty heads only a few miles in the distance. The valley that worms itself along between these mountains is one of the prettiest valleys it has ever been by lot to look upon; dotted as it is with little villages and farms. It certainly is an oasis among so many rugged, rocky mountains. Grand, did I say! Yes, grand! How little it does make one feel when we get out among these mighty works of nature, I can only draw in a good, long breath as I wonder and be content with my smallness. Who has words to describe the beauties of the Cumberland Valley? Not I.

Our first day among these glories of nature has been one of the days that will long be remembered by us. We are to remain as long as the wildness of the scenery makes us enjoy ourselves. We are going to live out of doors for the most part, and take in long and large draughts of these mountain breezes. I tell John he is looking better now, and as for me, I am always looking well, and take things just as they come along. Night is shutting down upon us, and I see John is beginning to get sleepy, so I will say "Good Night!"

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THE FAIRS.

The first Annual Anne Arundel County Fair was held at Bay Ridge, Aug. 28-31. In the short space of six weeks, the managers made all the arrangements, put up the necessary buildings, the grand stand, and laid out the extensive race track, getting it into a reasonably good condition for use. This shows remarkable energy and enterprise seldom equalled.

Considering the short notice and the necessarily limited preparations of the farmers generally, a very commendable exhibit paid the visitors for their time and expense.

The officers were: P. H. Israel, President; Hon. J. Wirt Randall, Vice President; Henry M. Murray, Treasurer; George Earle, Jr., Secretary. H. M. Murray, Benj. Watkins, L. A. Palmer, George Earle, Jr., Wm. A. Shipley, J. Wirt Randall, Samuel Brooks, Edwin A. Seidewitz, P. H. Israel, Directors.

The list of premiums, and the beautiful productions which earned them we must omit.

Baltimore County Fair.

September 4-7, at Timonium. Weather cool, but pleasant, except rain on the 7th. Attractions numerous, including the Ringgold Battery C. Attendance for two days of the fair was placed as high as 10,000 each day. The display of stock hardly equalled our expectations, although the Jersey premium herd was very fine. We saw no Holsteins on the ground, notwithstanding we could mention several herds which should have been represented. Vegetables, fruit, and the household department were attractive; the display of cakes, jellies, preserves, canned fruit, etc., was excellent. The agricultural implement department was in good shape, and exhibits were made by several houses out of the State and from distant localities

in the State. The Gold Medal, however, was captured by E. Whitman, Sons & Co., of Baltimore, and the Silver Medal by Griffith, Turner & Co., of Baltimore. The Ladies' Temperance dining rooms were well patronized. The Tea pavillion of the famous He-No Tea proprietors was very conspicuous and a great attraction. During the entire fair they dispensed tea freely to all comers. The list of premiums is too great for our space. This year the Fair may be marked as a decided success, and Col. D. S. Matthews, the president of the Society, should receive the congratulations of all concerned.

Montgomery County Fair.

The Fair was held on the same days of the Baltimore County Fair and we found it impossible to be at both. We were assured, however, that it attracted a good local attendance, and that the exhibits were far beyond the average in point of excellence. It excelled this year particularly in the exhibits of fine horses and cattle, and a large variety of fine poultry.

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Farm Gardening.

We would call the especial attention of our readers to the first of a series of articles from the pen of our esteemed correspondent, F. SANDERSON. We believe he has the correct views on the subject of cultivating the land in this portion of our country, where the great city markets are within easy reach and where no glut can interfere, if reasonable prudence in the arrangements of shipping goods is taken.

BALTIMORE, October 1888.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

We have read with considerable interest and attention the letters on this subject from various writers in a recent number of the *Rural New Yorker*.

About three years ago, in the *MARYLAND FARMER*, we wrote one or two articles in which the argument turned in favor of having agriculture one of the studies in every district school; and notwithstanding the objections presented by the above writers we see nothing which would lead us to change our opinion as to its advisability and its adaptability if once introduced.

The objections as to the incompetency of teachers do not lie at all against it; for that can as easily be remedied as can incompetency in any other direction of study. One of the writers flippantly slurs the idea in reference to female teachers; but there is quite as much to be taught to girls as to boys in this connection, and having been a school inspector for many years in the past, the writer of this is free to say, we have found the female teachers in our country district schools, as a general thing, fully as well equipped for their work, both in theory and practice, as the male teachers.

We were somewhat surprised at the

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If 5000 are allowed to run over a single number without paying, it is a cost to us of \$500, which we cannot afford to lose. Few of our subscribers take this into consideration. While we like to be as generous as possible, let us have a little justice on both sides.

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sentences of Prof. Beal of the Michigan Agricultural College in which occur the following :

"A large number of persons entering here are ignorant of many common operations in farm work. They do not know how to use a hoe, a rake, an axe, a spade, or a pitchfork, to say nothing of using a scythe or a hammer or a saw."

* * * * *

"Very few can properly adjust the lines of a harness for a span of horses. They do not know how to fix a plow so it will do good work. They cannot load hay or wheat, shear a sheep well or tie up the fleece properly. They cannot take up a tree properly, or set it out well. They cannot run a hand seeder in the garden. They cannot set out a patch of strawberries well."

It is doubtless true that the methods of work in the items here mentioned are subject to improvement; and to improve them is the work of our agricultural colleges, and advanced schools of agriculture. But it will hardly be believed generally that farmers' sons who have lived on the farm until old enough to enter college, "do not know how to use a hoe, a rake, an axe, a spade, or a pitchfork, to say nothing of using a scythe, or a hammer or a saw." The professor must have fallen into a strange country to be able to say this; for while they may not be *perfectly* skilled in the use of these things, they can generally use them much better than mere theorists.

Then as to the other items; most farmers' sons are particularly proud of being able to load hay skillfully and build a stack in the very best style as to appearance and for the shedding of water and resistance of winds.

But, no doubt, in all these particulars there is room for improvement and use for our colleges in these practical ways of

training. We believe that colleges should strive to teach the very best; if possible to find such, the *perfect* ways of doing all these practical works. Still, we do not think it profitable to start out with the false idea that the great body of farmers' sons who come to these colleges for instruction should be considered incapable dunces in the use of tools which they have handled since they could first toddle into the garden.

The elementary principles of the science of agriculture should certainly be taught in our common schools, and if it is necessary to throw aside other studies to do this, then it is better to throw them aside. Much taught in our schools is of exceedingly little value to us when we enter upon the serious business of life. We should insist that first and foremost we should get a knowledge of all those things which belong to our every-day practice. By this method the objection of additional expense for additional studies and teachers is met; although we cannot agree with Dr. Hoskins that farmers are unwilling to pay for what they know will benefit their children, their families and themselves. We have had a long experience and a wide intercourse directly with the farmers of our country, both in New England and in the Middle States, and we know whereof we speak. They are unwilling to be taxed for additional studies which they know to be of no benefit to them; but they heartily endorse whatever they believe to be beneficial and no class will more cheerfully bear their proportion of the expense for it.

We have read somewhere recently that the practical methods of planting and growing of vegetables, flowers, grain and trees are taught in the German schools by order of the government, and are made an obligatory part of the curriculum of every school supported by public taxes. We do

not know such to be the case; but if it is, would it not be well to have some reports from our consuls on this subject? its favorable or unfavorable working, the proficiency of male or female teachers engaged in teaching these things, and what difficulties have to be overcome, and what benefits are expected from it.

Commission Merchants.

Scarcely a week has passed that has not brought to us complaints in reference to commission merchants, and distrust as to the returns made to farmers who have shipped produce to them seems very general. We have none of them at present advertising in our columns. Some we do not care to have advertise with us; and to those who are in all respects reliable, of whom we know quite a number, it will be hardly just to give a public endorsement unless they should see fit to advertisc. We have answered many letters of inquiry where the writers have enclosed a stamp for reply; but we write this that those readers who have not enclosed a stamp may understand our reason for not answering through the columns of the magazine. Will those who send for information on this or any other subject send either a stamp or an addressed postal card for reply.

As Usual.

We are pleased to record that at the Buffalo International Fair, in the test for butter cows, the Lakeside Herd of Smiths, Powell & Lamb captured both the first and second prizes. The first was awarded to Benola Fletcher and the second to Netherland Peerless. Hereafter we shall be forced to refer for both milk and butter cows to Smiths, Powell & Lamb of Syracuse, N. Y.

HOW ABOUT THIS?

At the recent meeting of the Society of American Florists, one of the principal topics was "The benefits of a scientific education." During the discussion of the subject a Mr. Allen made the following statement:

"If ever there was a set of humbugs, it is the Agricultural Chemists. Honest chemists tell you that it is not possible to distinguish by analysis between the virus of a snake and the white of an egg, between sugar and starch, or brains and beans; but these men pretend to analyze a soil and tell you what you must put in it to grow each kind of plant."

The *Horticultural Art Journal* says: "Nearly all the speakers pitched into the agricultural chemist of the Department of Agriculture."

Is it a fact that the agricultural chemists throughout the country, headed by the chemist of the Department of Agriculture, are dishonest and for the sake of the fees from the farmers are pretending to analyze soils? which is in very mild phrase called a "humbug;" if indeed no such analysis gives any useful information, or, as is implied by the above Mr. Allen, if chemists cannot tell "beans from brains" or "sugar from starch."

We would hardly consider the matter of enough importance for mention, were it not made so important by this convention of Florists, presumed to be among our most intelligent men so far as the nature of soils is concerned.

It would please us to hear from some of our chemists on this subject; for if their teachings are worth anything as to the constituencies of soil such evidences of skepticism are certainly doing great harm.

Subscribe to the MARYLAND FARMER, with a premium, only \$1.00 per year.

Notes on September Number.

We print with a great deal of pleasure the sprightly and humorous communication of A. L. CROSBY, on the above. We give our correspondents freedom in the use of our columns, and do not object when a little *spice* is added to what is written.

The next edition of Webster's "little unabridged essay" will probably add "dehorn" to the language. The present weight of testimony seems to favor the practice; but it will require time to determine whether the results as to saving of food, restraining the "bossism," lessening the barn and shed room, etc., will be a permanent acquisition. The cruelty phase of dehorning is only on a par with castrating, spraying, caponizing and every similar cruel practice to benefit man, or increase the usefulness of animals. It must be placed in that catalogue. The infliction of pain in each case is a temporary evil.

While it is well known that the MARYLAND FARMER is in harmony with the position actually held by Dr. Sharp on the ammonia question, it does not prevent our columns receiving the opinions of others, even though opposed to our own. Truth is strong.

We thank A. L. C. for adding his word of approbation to ours on the Farmers' Duty.

TALBOT COUNTY FAIR.

The Talbot County Fair Association held their Third Annual Fair on their grounds at Easton, Sept. 18-21. The attendance was very large and the fine exhibit fully repaid them.

The collection of Horses was very fine, consisting of 138 entries suitable for all purposes.

In Cattle almost every Breed was repre-

sented in the 131 entries and a rare chance was offered the farmer to compare them.

The large number of fine Sheep caused many of the farmers to begin to consider the profits to be derived from them and many were heard to remark that in raising such sheep there could not help being large profits. Those recently imported by Col. Goldsborough were particularly commented on.

A large number of the popular breeds of Swine attracted much attention.

Poultry to the number of 90 different coops gladdened the eyes of all lovers of fine birds.

The products of the Farm and Garden, to the number of 207 separate exhibits, showed the thrift and industry of the county. In this department the Wheat, for size of grain and weight, attracted universal attention.

The Household department, containing 1166 separate exhibits, was worthy of a day's examination and showed the handiwork of the Ladies in beautifying and making home comfortable, and in the various culinary departments of the household.

Farm Machinery attracted a large share of attention, especially the traction engines, threshers, stackers, corn huskers, &c., which were in operation on the grounds.

One of the greatest attractions in the main building was the display of Drawing, Penmanship and general work of the public schools of the County, under the superintendence of Prof. Alexander Chaplain and his able corps of teachers. The display was a credit to the County and should have been awarded a better position for examination.

The races came off each day and as usual were the absorbing point of interest in the afternoons. We were sorry to see that gambling and games of chance were allowed in front of the Grand Stand and to learn that the Fair Association had

endorsed it by selling privileges to various parties for that purpose. Could it not have been a success without this feature?

Our representative on the grounds would express his hearty appreciation of the many favors bestowed upon him, and the managers will accept our thanks.

For the Maryland Farmer.

NOTES ON SEPTEMBER NO.

"De or Dis."

I don't want to deprive Mr. Haaff of the honor of having introduced the word "dehorn," merely wish to say that my old friend Noah Webster does not mention it in his little unabridged essay on the words we use.

Neither do I wish to deprive Mr. Haaff of the distinguished honor of being the direct cause of more cruelty to cattle than any man I know.

When a man keeps cattle and cannot make any money out of them, he may saw off their horns, cut off their tails and perhaps trim their ears, in the delusive hope that he will thereby recover his lost dollars; but the result will be as before—a loss.

In nine cases out of ten I believe that vicious cattle are the result of vicious treatment by their owners.

If I was the chief priest of dehorning, I would be afraid (to paraphrase a little from the fate of one I read of lately) when I died and knocked at the gate, St. Peter, after inquiring my name and business, calling for Ledger C. and running his finger down the page, would say, "Ah! here it is, Crosby, A. L., boss dehorner; DAMNED; first door to the left, Mr. Crosby, mind the step." And as I would start down the rickety well-worn steps, I should overhear St. Peter telephoning down to the Old Boy, "Give this man an extra New York stew of melted brimstone

and see that his gridiron chair is warmed to a cherry red."

This is a "vale of tears" tis true, but we should remember, in our haste to grasp the dollar, that we have got to leave it at no very distant day, and in our inmost hearts we all realize (except when we are talking politics or discussing the latest scandal) that there is a close connection between our actions in this life and our reward or punishment in the next.

"Railroad Catechism."

Your "Catechism" is pretty good, Mr. Editor, but you evidently have got hold of the abridged edition for public use.

Now, I have a copy of the version used by the railway magnates. It is a magnificent *edition de luxe*, bound in brakeman's hide, (killed while trying to couple cars with the old-fashioned couplers, because the new life-saving devices would cost more to use than it would to replace a few hundred brakemen every year.)

I will give you a few samples out of this unexpurgated edition:

"How do you water stock?"

"Simply by issuing double or thruple the amount the road was pledged to limit it to when it was building."

"How do you manage to pay dividends on this extra stock?"

"By putting the rates up to all the traffic will bear. If there should be a competing line we have either to buy it out or form a "combine," as competition is death to big profits."

"But this stock watering business is illegal, how do you escape punishment?"

"By buying up courts and legislatures; we have reduced the system to a science."

"Suppose times are dull, or you have a genuine rail road war and rates are cut, how do you pay dividends then?"

"First by discharging a good many of our employees, thus reducing expenses;

then, when the war is over, by putting up rates higher than ever."

"Don't shippers object to this?"

"Oh, yes, but we give the big ones a rebate and let the little ones squeal. 'Tis music in our ears."

"How long do you expect this state of affairs to last?"

"Oh, well, I should say till the millenium comes, and even then we think we can get the lamb to lie down inside of the lion."

"But couldn't the farmers of this country upset all your calculations?"

"Yes, they *could*, but so could the mosquitoes in New Jersey tow one of the Jersey City ferry boats out to sea, *if they would all work together.*"

"Is there not some danger that the farmers may unite?"

"No! The farmers are about equally divided between the two great parties, and they will vote for "the party" through thick and thin. All we have to do is to show them that the "other" party is trying to ruin the country, and, as that is easily done, they vote solid every time."

"But there is always one party in power and that party invariably gets in on pledges of "reform," how do you manage to fix that?"

"Sugar." That is a cloak that will cover a great multitude of "inns."

These samples will give you an idea, Mr. Editor, of the whole book. It is also illustrated to show how the railway "scheme" now works: For instance, there is a picture of a Western farmer pocketing twenty-five cents as his share of a bushel of wheat he has just put on the cars, and alongside of him stands a large, portly man who has grown over the building line so far that he can't see his foundation, and with a watch seal as big as a drummer's grip-sack, calmly putting seventy-five cts. into his pocket as *his* share of the bushel

of wheat, saying at the same time to another rail road man; "Billy, we will have to put the rates up a little, farmers are making too much money."

The whole book is printed in red ink, I don't know whether to represent the blood of mangled employees and passengers or the red tape that keeps any but millionaires from fighting rail roads, perhaps both."

"Sows That Eat Pigs."

are the ones that are fed on a corn and water diet, if fed linseed meal and middlings a month or so before farrowing they will not eat their pigs.

"Pork as Food."

It is no use to preach against pork as food on the farm. There is no other kind of meat that will take its place as a regular thing, and I don't believe there is any need of a change more than once or twice a week. The trouble is not so much with the pork itself, but because people eat too much of it at once; a little goes a great way even on the farm, but we are not content with just enough, we want all we can get down. Like "J. T.," I can eat the rear legs of the pig, if properly cured and smoked, 365 days in the year, and for a change, like a little chicken the 29th of Feb., during leap year. One of your correspondents says that, though not a Hebrew, he thinks there was some good reason for forbidding the flesh of swine as food for the children of Israel. I don't say there was not, but there was the same "good reason" for forbidding the use of steers among cattle and wethers among sheep, so he ought to go the "whole hog" and confine his meat diet, in the male line, to bulls and rams. Be consistent, friend.

"The Farmers' Duty."

I don't think I can add anything to what you have said here, Mr. Editor.

The "sign ain't right" to get the farmer

to do his duty as you propose, but the time will come when it *will* be right. And when it comes you will see our feeble "infant (25 years old) industries" toddling along on their own legs, and we will be surprised, (that is, some of us) to find how well they can walk and how strong their legs really are. I am not going to hurt myself trying to walk as long as a paternal government will protect me from all the competitive breezes that blow, and which, if allowed to reach my frail and tender frame, would cause me to strengthen my muscles and use my legs to carry my own body just as the vast majority of my fellow citizens are compelled to do now. And as long as I can persuade that vast majority of voters—principally farmers—to believe that a vote for protection means a vote for a home market, therefore higher prices for crops, I am going to sit down and take things easy; wouldn't you?

The railroad men say that the cost of construction and repairs is so great they cannot lower rates. Everything that goes into the making of a rail road is subject to a duty more or less high—generally more.

From the tie that rests on the ground to the spark arrester that crowns the smokestack of the engine, there is a duty either specific or *ad valorem*, and when the "specific" could not be made high enough, the "*ad valorem*" was clapped on to make it sure.

Then the employees must have higher wages in order to pay for their protected clothing and home furnishings. In the end the farmer pays for it all. But wait till "the sign is right."

Dr. Sharp and Ammonia."

What is the use in writing against Dr. Sharp's theory and practice until you know what it is?

"P." does not seem to have got the right

grip on Dr. Sharp's method of supplying ammonia to crops.

Dr. Sharp don't say that plants do not require ammonia, he simply says it can be supplied in a cheaper and better way than by putting it in the fertilizers.

On some soils the ammoniated fertilizers pay every time, while on others it is a waste of money to use anything but the plain super-phosphate.

When I can grow 30 bus. of No. 1 wheat per acre (as I have done) with 200 lbs. of fertilizer, that contained nothing of value except phosphoric acid, why should I spend money for ammonia or potash?

If Dr. Sharp can turn under a crop of clover, cow peas or green stuff of any kind and grow a good crop without the application of ammonia, is he not right?

When the soil is deficient in any element of fertility and time cannot be taken to grow green crops to plow under, I should supply the lacking elements by the use of fertilizers, and I think Dr. Sharp would too. Why is it that fertilizer manufacturers say so little about ammonia as compared to what they did a few years ago?

It is because farmers have found that they do not need as much ammonia *artificially* supplied as they used to think they did, and so they buy more fertilizers but cheaper ones, and both they and the manufacturers are better satisfied.

The farmer, in his business can't "prove all things," but he certainly can "hold to that which is good"—when he gets it.

A. L. CROSBY.

Incubators.

Many parties who are contemplating the use of an incubator the coming season are looking at the different makes and making inquiry as to their merits. The matter of selecting one should be carefully con-

sidered. No doubt there are many machines in the market which do excellent work; there are others which are perfectly useless and simply "catch-pennies." First consider how much time you have to devote to one, and don't be deluded into buying an incubator that the inventor claims needs little or no attention, can be operated by a child, or (if it has a self-regulator) will run for twenty-four hours without varying a degree. We do not believe such a one is in existence. In our experience self-regulating incubators are less laborious than hot water ones, yet the anxiety attending them is so much greater, that we give preference to the latter every time.—*Rural World*.

For the Maryland Farmer.

FERTILIZERS ON TRIAL.

Mr. Editor.—As you have a number of times very courteously requested that I should write an article for publication in your Journal, I have upon the receipt of your last number—Sept. 1888—concluded to do so upon a subject in which nearly every farmer is deeply interested, viz:

FERTILIZERS.

Should your correspondent "P" in his article on page 277, be the cause of inducing any one to abandon the economical use of non-ammoniated fertilizer, and to use ammonia, he will have cost the farmer a very useless and extravagant expenditure for unremunerative returns.

I am not a champion of all of Dr. Sharp's views, but he is right in recommending the abandonment of using ammonia artificially. It is an extravagant and worse than useless expenditure for any cereal crop, or for grass, or for the purpose of improving impoverished land.

I am no theorist. I have for the past ten years been practically testing this matter in the most careful manner; and,

after the most thorough tests with as reliable brands of ammoniated and non-ammoniated fertilizers as are made in Baltimore, upon a great variety of soil—leaving out drift sand, which no farmer would care to own, there not being any soil in it—I would not allow an ammoniated fertilizer used upon my land. The ammonia I positively believe to be a detriment. It was not until I abandoned its use that I could accomplish any perceptible improvement in the soil. Without giving my reasons in detail for objecting to the use of ammonia, I will give results accomplished without its use, and leave "P" to answer whether he has ever reaped better results from any fertilizer he has used.—Peruvian Guano not excepted.

I purchased this farm, stock and crops in December 1878, the average crop that year was less than ten bus. of wheat per acre, with Halloway's Excelsior applied to it. The average crop of corn per acre was less than four bbls., no hay, except a small lot near the barn. When I purchased, there was seeded upon an out laying 55-acre field, that had been very much impoverished by bad cultivation and hard cropping, thirty acres in wheat; the remainder of the field was planted in corn. The field of wheat—machine measure—was 46 bushels from the thirty acres. The yield of corn was less than two barrels per acre. These crops were both put in by out-side parties, and the corn was tolerably well cultivated, but the land was positively very poor; so called "hen grass" being the indigenous growth upon it.

I re-seeded this field in wheat during the fall of 1879, and sowed clover in the spring 1880, using several varieties of fertilizers; but the result not being satisfactory, I seeded it in wheat again, using acid phosphate; the following spring,

1881, sowed clover seed. Finding a set of clover when the wheat was cut, I allowed it to stand, and the following spring, 1882, sowed gypsum at the rate of two bushels per acre upon it which materially improved the clover. Finding I could dispense with the use of this field I allowed the clover to continue upon it undisturbed for three years. In the early spring of the third year, 1884, I had the land plowed and prepared for corn, and gathered that fall seven barrels per acre. I applied 200 pounds of acid phosphate per acre with the drill at time of planting. Could I have had a good stand of corn—which was far from being the case, owing to the cut worm—I am sure the yield would have been much larger; I had to re-plant very late in the season more than one-half the crop. I re-seeded this field in wheat that fall and applied 300 pounds of acid phosphate per acre. The following spring, 1885, sowed clover again, the yield of wheat was twenty odd bushels per acre, and a good set of clover. This clover was mowed the next year for hay, and the second crop pastured very little. The second year, 1886, it was pastured until plowed, and that fall seeded to wheat, and again the following spring, 1887, to clover. Before seeding this crop of wheat there was distributed broadcast 200 pounds acid phosphate and kainit per acre, and immediately after seeding 200 pounds more. The following spring, 1887, I had one gallon of clover seed, and 100 pounds of acid phosphate and kainit sowed per acre upon the wheat distributing both broadcast, harrowing and rolling at the same time with one implement. This crop of wheat yielded eighteen bushels per acre, with straw sufficient for thirty-five. Being a very late variety it was very much affected by rust. The clover was as heavy as I have ever seen. The first crop came up immediately after the wheat was cut, so rank and tall that it soon fell, and the

second crop coming up through it made such a mass of vegetable growth that I had it cut after the wheat was removed, rather than risk the smothering out of the clover roots. Then this field was used as pasture, and last spring, 1888, it was planted in corn, and has now upon it a crop that is the admiration of every one who sees it, and is estimated at from twelve to fourteen barrels per acre—from 60 to 70 bushels.

The land above referred to was the poorest on the farm, and although costing me equal with the rest of the property (50 dollars per acre), could not have been sold for 10 dollars.

Proper mechanical condition of the soil—*not sand*—will attract all the nitrogen necessary for any cereal crop, and hold it, and with judicious applications of phosphoric acid and potash, there will be but little difficulty in improving poor land to a profitable degree of productiveness. For seven years I have used exclusively acidulated South Carolina Rock and Kainit, and I am sure that I could get certificates from every citizen in the Northern Neck of Virginia—who knew the farm when I purchased it—that it has been more rapidly improved than any they have ever seen, and that the crops of every kind will compare favorably with the majority of those raised upon the very best farms in any locality. I am no boaster, I love and appreciate above all things facts, and in writing my views to your esteemed predecessor, and a number of articles upon practical agriculture to other journals, I have endeavored to express myself so plainly that all who read could understand. And I here reiterate what I have time and again written, that a proper regard to the preparation of land for every crop, and a judicious cultivation of the crop make it unnecessary to purchase elements of which the air is full; and that by adding the lost elements of fertility,

artificially, which the air does not contain, I have seen poor land increased in productiveness from four to ten barrels of corn per acre, in three years, and from five to twenty-two bushels of wheat per acre in the same length of time.

Humus is the valuable constituent in every fertile soil, and the above treatment will insure a set of graas or clover; and a judicious treatment of that grass will so increase the humus in the soil, that in a few years, land that was thought sterile will be found producing crops of which it was believed to be incapable. My experience is, after spending thousands of dollars for ammoniated fertilizers, and making exhaustive tests with them, that what the land needs is thorough working, and the elements added that have been taken from the soil, and which do not exist in the atmosphere. For seven years I have used these elements at a cost of about fifteen dollars per ton, with an average application of 400 pounds per acre. Every field upon my farm is well set in grass or clover, except one of 80 acres which is just being prepared for wheat, the corn field, and orchard. There is to-day more cultivated grass upon the farm than exists within a radius of ten miles, and every one of the farms without grass use ammoniated fertilizers, or fish scrap and bone, they say.

If your correspondent "P" questions the correctness of the foregoing statement I cordially invite him to pay me a visit, and refer him to you, Mr. Editor, for particulars as to how he can reach my farm. I have had the pleasure of showing quite a number of skeptics, results that they thought impossible, and as my sincere desire is to be of some use to my brother farmers, I will be delighted to have the pleasure of entertaining "P," and giving him the opportunity of seeing for himself that I have "*substantial reasons*" for *what is claimed*.

But fertilizer impositions are not the only ones with which the farmer has to contend: The ammonia tax is pumping the very life out of his land, as many have realized Peruvian Guano to do and are now realizing the same results from other compounds. But this is only one item in the great current which the farmers are trying to stem, but which is drifting them further and further from the shore. There is the tariff tax, taxing him for everything he buys. He sees a small minority putting the entire profits of his labor into their already over-plethoric pockets, and wishing to consume, it would appear the very source of their profits, and still he, the farmer, is expected to stand this unnatural strain upon him. He sees the avaricious monopolist, who has a gratuity allowed him by law to increase the profits of his business, employing the lowest cost labor from any source obtainable, and the farmer is expected without a murmur to pay the enhanced prices. He sees that he must compete with the pauper labor of the world, *in all parts of the world*, selling his produce at home, at what Liverpool is willing to pay for it less commission and transportation, and he is expected to stand all this drain.

I am opposed to injustice of every kind, and would like very much to see some equity in the framing of laws, and a proper regard for the principles of our government.

The people must repudiate by the ballot, the specious, spurious arguments of one who while enjoying the luxury of a drive through Scotland with one of his party's tariff millionaires, failed to appreciate the fact that the people knew that his *host* was the recipient of the tariff bounty—not that host's employees—and that it was the extreme of inconsistency for him to return to the United States, and cry tariff for the poor laborers, when the laborers were at work for his host, and

who had enabled him to drive his coach and four through Scotland (and round the world if he choose), were crying for bread. I am not a politician, but am uncompromisingly opposed to imposition, and if the farmers and all other classes—except the manufacturer—cannot see that they are imposed upon by this tariff tax, it is because they close their eyes to indisputable facts.

Very respectfully yours,

Mantua Farm, Va. T. R. CRANE.

MILLY'S MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

"Well, for my part, I don't see why folks call Milly Morrison a strong-minded girl," quoth to himself the stalwart young farmer, John Armstrong, as he strode homeward in the sunset glory after a charming summer afternoon with the said Milly on the river. "It appears to me a good deal like jealousy, because there ain't a girl in these parts that can hold a candle to her. The little daisy! She knows well enough how much I think of her, and if I'm not mightily mistaken, she likes me very well, too. And, confound it all, I'm not going to take anybody's word for it. I'm just a-going to go in and win, and let her strong mindedness go to the dickens. I guess it will never hurt me." And whistling blithely, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," valiant John cleared the fence at a bound and disappeared in the gloom of the woods beyond.

Yes, everybody said Milly Morrison was strong-minded; but however it got about or who first said it, Mrs. Grundy didn't know. Pretty Milly, with her rose-leaf cheek and her tender brown eyes and her golden braids, strong-minded! Preposterous! Surely no girl in the country or town of Glenville had half as many beaux nor half as many offers, as every one knew.

But certain it was that, no matter how bold and confident the swain might be who tried his fate with Milly, he was always known to come away wonderfully disconcerted, with not a word as to why and wherefore.

"What could it mean?" wagged the gossip tongues. "Why, maybe she's strong-minded; yes, to be sure, Milly must be strong-minded; else why did she let so many good chances slip?"

And thus it came to the ear of John Armstrong, the most energetic, the most enterprising young farmer in Glenville, as was commonly agreed. At first he gave credence to the story and cultivated her acquaintance out of curiosity, merely to see what manner of human kind a strong-minded woman might be, but Milly put forth no startling ideas in his presence; and finally when he found himself subdued by her maidenly charms after sitting opposite those innocent brown eyes and watching the fluttering bloom of that lovely face for one long, delicious summer afternoon, he settled in his mind that it was a malicious falsehood about her. And now the die was cast. He, John Armstrong, would ask Milly for her love, and in his heart of hearts he had no doubt that he should win the prize.

"Just to think of her going around the country speechifying and proclaiming woman's rights!" he exclaimed to himself, as he drove home the cows. "Why—ha! ha!—she's as innocent as a gentle lamb. And as for having a will of her own—stuff and nonsense! I'd as soon expect Brindle to kick over the milk pail. Nobody need talk to me about Milly Morrison's being a woman's righter. I never see anything of it."

Time sped, as time has a way of doing, until nearly a week had elapsed. It was a summer night, and John and Milly stood by the river bank. All things pro-

pitious. The wind sighed softly through the tree tops. The young moon gazed at her image in the sparkling water. John felt that the time had come for him to unburden his heart.

"Milly," he said, softly, as he caught her hand, "I have something to tell you to night. I think you have guessed how much I love you, Milly, darling, because it was something I couldn't conceal. But I want to know—do you think—I mean, do you love me a little, Milly?"

"Yes, John," faltered she of the down cast eyes and rosy cheeks.

"My little Mayflower! And (ecstatically) will you marry me, dear, and help me make a home—a little home to ourselves?"

A pause then slowly, "I don't know John. I love you dearly, but—but—it seems like a great undertaking—a great responsibility. I don't believe I am fitted for it."

"Fitted for it!" he laughed gleefully; "why, Milly, you know as well as I do that there isn't a smarter girl in the whole country than you are," and he helped himself to a kiss from the rosy lips.

"You said help to make a home. I don't think I quite understand. Won't you explain, John, what you expect of me—that is, what would I have to do?" she said hesitatingly.

"Why," a little impatiently, "strange you don't understand, Milly. Make a home as other people do who get married and live together. You run the house and I run the farm. Of course you would be willing to do your share of the work, wouldn't you? You know I am not rich."

"Oh, I see," answered Milly; "you would raise the crops and sell them, and take care of the stock.

And, put in John, "You would do the cooking, the dairy work and the laundry work, and the rest."

"Yes, to be sure; I quite understand you now," she replied.

"Well, then," he said fondly, "will you marry me, Milly? You haven't said yet that you would."

The long lashes drooped upon the rose-leaf cheeks for an instant, and then a pair of innocent eyes were raised to his face, and she asked timidly:

"But you haven't said yet what you would give me for doing my share of the work, John."

"Give you!" he cried in amazement; "why, Milly Morrison, what do you mean?"

"Why just this. Don't you see, John, that your work brings you in a fair profit; so much money every year? But mine would bring me in nothing."

"Why, Milly," he answered reproachfully, "you would have a home and enough for your needs."

"That is," she replied with dignity, "I should have my board and clothes! But bear in mind, John, I can earn more than that any day. Deacon Jones has wanted me to keep house for him ever since his wife died, and I could have my board and clothes there and money in the bank every month."

"But, darling," protested John, "do you think I would be so mean as to ever deny you money when you asked me for it?"

"But that's just what I would not do," she answered. "If I do half the work, why shouldn't I have half the profits?"

Half the profits! John was dazed at her audacity.

"I should do the work that you would have to pay some one else to do," she continued, "and if I work as many hours a day as you do, and do my work as faithfully as you do yours, why should you have all the profits and I nothing?"

John's amazement culminated in a white heat of passion.

"Well, Miss Morrison," he said with superb scorn, "if you are not willing to marry me as other folks marry and do as other folks do, you can wait till some fellow comes along who is willing to take you on your terms."

"I suppose you think me very mercenary, John," said Milly, gently; "but truly I don't care half so much for the money as I do for the principle of the thing."

Seething with rage and disappointment, he led her home across the dewy meadows. At the gate she held out her hand and said, sadly: "Good-by, John. Remember I still love you dearly, and if you had been disposed to treat me justly, you would have found in me a good wife."

John muttered something between his teeth, jammed his hat down over his eyes and strode off in the darkness. But he said to himself when he had stilled the tumult in his soul, that after all, folks were right. Milly Morrison was most decidedly strong minded.

Somehow it got noised about that Milly had refused John, and all Glenville was agog as to the reason for it. Many a professional gossip declared that "sure as she lives, Milly Morrison will repent the day she ever gave such a proper young man as John Armstrong the go-by." But through it all, though perfectly aware that she was the theme of every tongue, Milly bore herself with smiling unconsciousness. Not so John. In a moody and unhappy frame of mind, he shunned his young friends, and carried about an expression so severe that there were none so brave as to test his good humor with a jest.

On a large farm on the outskirts of Glenville lived Milly Morrison, youngest child of Rufus and Martha Morrison. The eldest son and daughter having married and set up homes for themselves, only Milly was left at home to help "mother" with the farm work.

One midsummer afternoon, as the two

sat busily sewing, Mrs. Morrison looked up and said: "Everybody is saying, Milly, that you have refused John Armstrong. Is it true, dear?"

"No, mother," said Milly, with a smile, "he refused me."

"Why, what do you mean, child? Of course, you didn't propose to him?" questioned her mother.

"Oh, no. He asked me first, but when I mentioned my terms he refused me or my terms, I don't know which."

"You talk in riddles, Milly. I really can't see any reason why you should not marry John; you know he thinks a deal of you."

"Why mother mine, it wasn't my fault. I just asked John what he was going to give for my share of the farm work. I told him if I did half the work I thought I ought to have half the profits, and he got mad, that's all. Oh, I never shall forget his face," and she ended with a peal of laughter.

"Milly, Milly!" cried her mother in surprise, "where did you get such ideas?"

"Mother," said Milly, seriously, laying aside her work and seating herself at her mother's knee, "I got them right here in our every-day experience. Think of how you and I have slaved every day of our lives, and then tell me what compensation we have. Look at this house. Are there a dozen articles of luxury in it? Look at the clothes we wear. Are they much better than the poorest people in town wear? Do we ever have any money to spend for our own pleasure? Is there a book or magazine or picture that we are ever able to buy? Now, mother, don't stop me. I am not going to say a word against father. I've no doubt he's as good as most men. But if you think it's right to slave day in and day out for your board and clothes, (and poor ones at that,) I don't. I've heard you say many times

you'd sooner go with barely clothes enough to keep you warm than ask father to give you the money. And you know, mother, it takes me a week to get up my courage to ask him for a new dress. I feel as if I were facing the judge of a criminal court. Now, mother, confess that you think these things are not right."

"Yes, Milly," answered her mother, wiping away the persistent tears, "I have felt this injustice all my life. Your father seems to think that, hard as we work to help him make money, we have no right to any of it."

"No, I shan't soon forget the day, mother, when you asked him for a dollar and a half to buy your winter flannels, when he wanted to know if you wanted to spend all the money that was made on the farm in a year!" added Milly indignantly.

"Hush, Milly, hush! Remember, he is your father."

"I didn't forget that; but I've said nothing that isn't true. And now, mother, do you blame me for not wanting to put myself in such a position as that for the rest of my life? No," clenching her hand, "I'd rather live an old maid all my days with a little hard-earned money in my pocket and my sense of independence, than to be the wife of the richest farmer in the country, if I had to go to him like a trembling beggar for every little necessity." And burning with indignation, Milly sprang from the room and "had it out" in the old cherry tree in the orchard.

The summer days waned. The September haze hung over the hills. The autumn leaves were falling, when late one afternoon as Milly was walking home from town, following the old familiar path by the river's bank, she came suddenly face to face with John Armstrong. She smiled and bowed, and would have passed on, but he put out a detaining hand.

"Aren't you going to stop and speak to

me, Milly?" he asked humbly, as the color surged over his face.

"Why, John," she answered, gently, "I have always been willing to speak to you. You know it is you haven't wanted to speak to me since—"

"Since I made a fool of myself," blurted out John. Then he added: "Come and sit down here a moment, won't you? I want to set myself right with you."

When they were seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, he continued:

"I've thought it all over what you said to me that night, Milly, and I have come to see that there is a good deal of justice on your side. At first, I couldn't see it, because, you know, I was blinded by prejudice and custom, and—tradition. But I finally came to look at it like this: You see, marriage between folks like you and me is a kind of partnership. Now, says I to myself, John Armstrong, you wouldn't go into partnership with any man, agree to do half the work, or work as many hours a day as he does and expect to get nothing for it except your board and clothes. You'd expect to get half the profits, wouldn't you? Well, then, says I to myself, let's put the shoe on the other foot. Now, if I was a woman, would I go into partnership with a man, and agree to do half the work and not get half the profits? Of course I wouldn't. Then thinks I a woman has just as much right to what she earns as a man. There ain't any difference except in the kind of work. And so at last it came to me what a blame fool I had been and, why, what's the matter? Oh, don't cry, darling! Don't you see that it was all along o'loving you so much that made me come to look at it just as you do? And if you'll only take me, Milly, love, I'll promise to give it all to you. I'll promise

you anything if you'll only take me, Milly. Will you, dear?"

And who wonders that she did take him then and there into her tender, womanly heart.

The church bells were pealing one fair, sunny morning in late October, and there was a holiday look to the passers-by in Glenville town, for everybody was crowding into the little church to see John and Milly married. Speculation was rife. An air of mystery pervaded the usually slumberous community. An indefinable something was going to happen. At last suspense was ended, and down the aisle, proudly stepping, came bride and groom, with sunshine in their faces and sunshine in their hearts. But what are they doing? Where's the minister? What's the table for? And, for mercy's sake, what are lawyer Cobb and those other men doing with that paper? It looks like a will.

But all agitation was summarily quelled when lawyer Cobb, in his most diffusive oratorical style, read the following remarkable document:

Know all men by these presents, I, John P. Armstrong, being of sound body and mind, do this day in the year of our Lord 18—, and in this month of October, and 25th day of the same, enter into a civil contract of marriage with Millicent H. Morrison. And I do hereby declare that our civil union shall be governed by strictly business principles, to-wit: All money, personal and landed property, accruing to me after this date, as financier or business manager of the same, shall become the joint property of both parties to this contract, on condition that said Millicent H. Morrison faithfully performs a share of the labor necessary for the acquiring of said property. An equitable division of the same to be made yearly, reckoning from the date of this instrument.

In case of separation or divorce this contract shall be literally adhered to. In case of death the property shall revert to the remaining partner to the contract, or to his heirs at law, unless otherwise decreed. In witness whereof I hereby affix my hand and seal, this 25th day of October, 18—.

(Signed) JOHN P. ARMSTRONG,
MILLCENT H. MORRISON.

WITNESSES: Thomas Wiggins, William Brown, John Pettengill.

In breathless silence waited the wedding guests while the signatures were made. The civil service then being complete by the presentation of a copy of the document to both bride and groom, they turned to the altar to be made one by the man of God.

At last it was all over, and as Milly walked down the aisle she realized the consternation she had caused. A bomb-shell exploded in the midst of the sacred edifice could scarce have created a greater excitement than this. The telling of it spread like a prairie fire. One good mother of Israel was heard to declare to an eager crowd of listeners: "Wa'l, I allus thought Milly Morrison was queer, but now I'm certain on it, and (sententiously) if Bedlam don't reign in that house afore five years, then I dont know nothing about human natur!"

And so it came to pass that just as tourists abroad are pointed out the place famous in legend or history, strangers in Glenville are shown the little church where Milly Morrison signed her marriage contract.—*Pacific Rural Press*.

"There is nothing you require of your agents but what is just and reasonable and strictly in accordance with business principles." That's the sort of testimony any house can be proud of, and it is the testimony of hundreds of men who are profitably employed by B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. Write for full particulars.

Improving Breeds of Sheep in Maryland.

The steamship Baltimore, of the Johnston Line, brought in for Col. F. C. Goldsborough, of Easton, Talbot county, Md., eighty Oxforddown sheep. They are all yearlings, five rams and seventy-five ewes, made up by careful and first choice selections from the flocks of Mr. John Treadwell, of Upper Winchendon, Buckinghamshire; Mrs. Chas. Howard, of Biddenham, Bedfordshire; Mrs. Jas. P. Case, of Testerton, Fakenham, Norfolkshire; Mrs. Albert Brassey, of Heythroppe Park, Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire; Mr. Chas. Hobbs, of Maisly, Hampton, Gloucestershire, and Earl of Jersey. The Oxforddown is the largest of all the Down breeds of sheep, and they now hold front rank among all the improved breeds in England, having won first and champion prize at the last Smithfield (London) fat stock show for "best mutton sheep at the show."

—*The Sun.*

THE peanut yields 40 to 50 per cent. of nearly colorless oil of quality not far below olive oil, for which it is largely sold. Last year 10,000,000 bushels of peanuts were imported into Marseilles, France, to be pressed for oil, very little of which was sold under its proper name. The residual pomace is employed in adulterating chocolate.

AN exchange says that a Michigan farmer heard that music would prevent bees from stinging, and he took his accordeon and went out and sat down by the hive. Only forty-four bees had got a show at him when he jumped into a lake. The mistake he made was in supposing the horrible noises evolved from an accordeon were music. The bees knew better.

County Fairs.

Cecil, Elkton,	-	-	Oct. 2-5
Frederick,	-	-	Oct. 9-12
Harford, Belair,	-	-	Oct. 9-12

State Fairs.

Maryland, Hagerstown,	-	Oct. 16-19
Cincinnati Centennial,	July 4-Oct. 27	
Sioux City, Iowa, Corn Palace,	Sep. 26-Oct. 6	
Chicago Fat Stock,	-	Nov. 12-14
Ohio, Columbus,	-	Sep. 4-Oct. 19
Virginia, Richmond,	-	Oct. 3-Nov. 21
N. Carolina, Raleigh,	-	Oct. 16-20
S. Carolina, Columbia,	-	Nov. 13-16

It is estimated that 600,000 cases, or 1,200,000 dozens of sweet corn will be packed this year in Maine, as against 750,000 cases packed last year, which is ten times as much as was packed at the close of the war.




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